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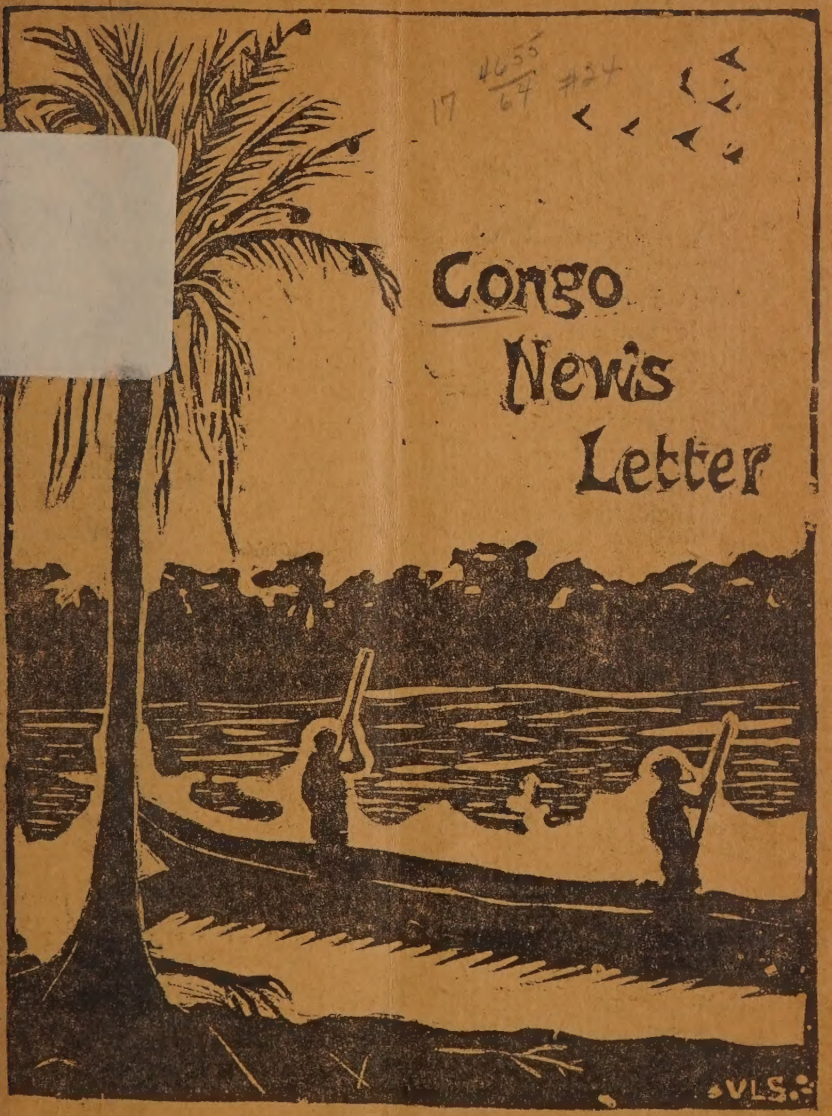

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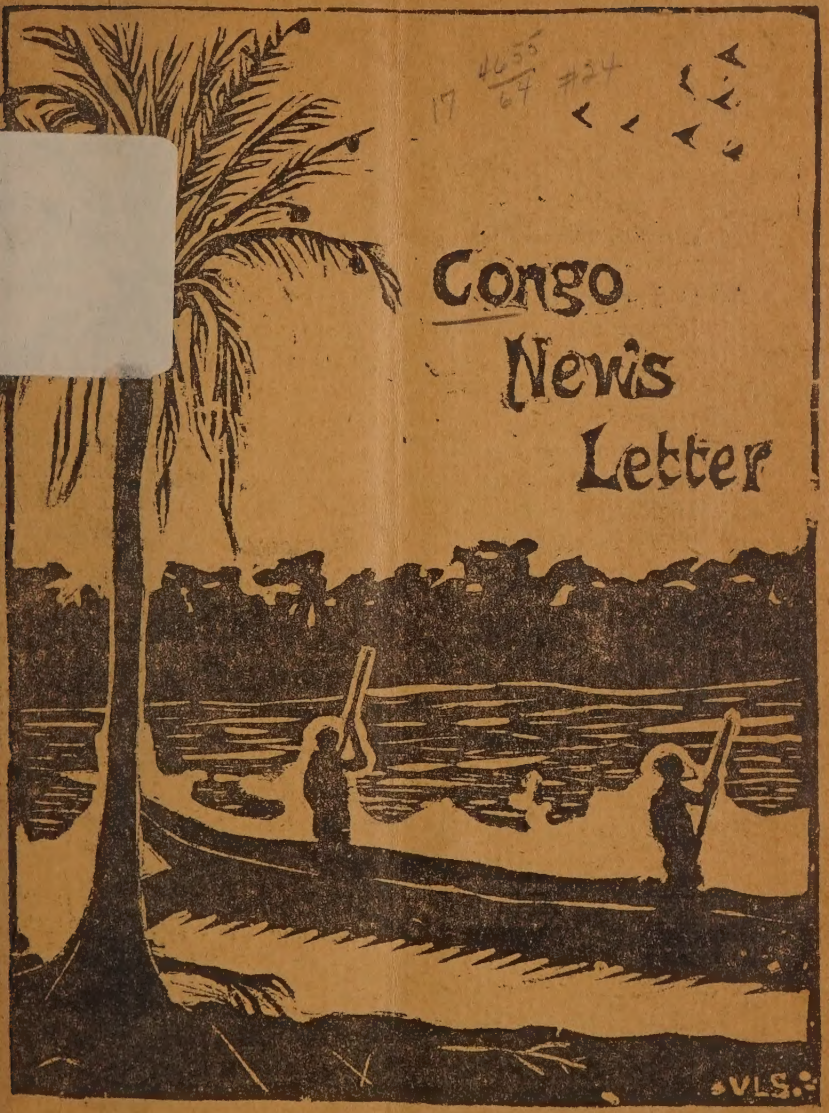

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"While we were at Mbanza the station teachers, Mbele, Kabala, Kitonda and others, had been sent out two and two into other sections of the field. The day of their return, after three weeks of itinerary, made us think of the return of the seventy in Luke 10. With but few exceptions village after village visited had been swept with conviction of sin. Estranged husbands and wives were reunited; fetishes were brought by the basketful to be burned. The teachers experienced what we had again and again found to be true, namely: that once the church members began to confess and make restitution the unsaved and back-slidden came under conviction as well. Scores of new converts were written on each of these trips. There is not a corner of our great field that has not felt the impulse of conviction and awakening. Our hearts particularly rejoiced to find one thing we had long coveted for our people: a deep consciousness of His personal guidance. One instance will illustrate.

"Kabala and Kitonda had gone into the Modiambu Church field. Since our local conference last fall the pastor, Ngumina, had been much put out with me because I had declared in the conference that I knew that he and others were not happy in the work, never having really consecrated themselves to it. When the statement was made it was not with any direct reference to Ngumina more than to the others, but he had chosen to feel that it was made so. When Kabala and Kitonda were a few hours from the Poste, Kabala had been taken sick. They were at a loss to know whether to return to Vanga or not. They decided to pray over it and leave final

decision until the morrow.

"The next morning Kabala was better and felt definitely that God wanted them to go on to the Poste. A regional school had recently been opened there also. Their reception was far from warm. After a bit they suggested prayer together. There was delay while the others demurred as to where it should be held, and they soon sensed that things were far from right. The pastor's wife had had a quarrel with the wife of one of the teachers over some fishing rights. The husbands had become involved and the atmosphere was one of tension. After the first day Kabala and Kitonda served notice that they had no intention of leaving until things were righted. They stayed three days and by the help of the Spirit they won out."....

"In August we journeyed across the Kwilu River to our three church centers amongst another tribe. We had only the month to examine some two hundred boys for entrance to boarding school, as well as over twelve hundred candidates for baptism. It had been two and a half years since anyone had been examined in some of these villages, and since we are due for furlough in the spring we felt obligated to examine as many as possible. But it was with real regret that we had to give up the daily services. The station teachers had visited this section as well. In one part of the field they reported scores and scores of church members who had confessed to the double sin of palm wine making and of having fetishes.

"Mrs. Brown and I shall not soon forget that Sunday at Mobini Poste. 211 were baptized at a sunrise

service. Two of the other pastors came to help Maleme. The windows of the church were full of baskets of fetishes which had been brought in from some villages away beyond the borders of our present work. We had been absent during their visit but shall hear of them later. The fine native church building, all of native materials, is about thirty-five feet wide by seventy feet long. It was filled to overflowing and then a great overflow service out of doors. This was the first baptismal service at this new Poste and we left a very happy pastor and people. Fortunately these Postes can all be reached by auto so we were able to be at the Ngunu Poste the next afternoon.

"At Ngunu we spent nearly two weeks examining candidates while Mrs. Brown was examining school boys for entrance to our Vanga school. 179 were received and baptized and an additional thirty were examined and received to be baptized the following month. On Saturday before baptism a group of some twenty-five men and women came in from two villages away to the east of both the Ngunu and Mobini Church fields (mentioned above). They had heard that people were confessing their sins and they had come to confess theirs. They were of a different tribe whose dialect we did not know. The pastor, Maleme, from Mobini acted as interpreter since he was able to understand them and to speak enough to make himself understood. Shall we ever foget it! And how our hearts cried out to our gracious God on their behalf. As simply as we could we tried, thru the pastor, to show them that what we wanted more than all else was that they put in the place

of these sins the abiding Saviour. Here we saw again heathenism in the fullest sense of the word. But their hearts were hungry for peace and crying for the Light. One of their number, a man of keen intelligence, hung on our words, seemed to grasp them more than the others and would turn eagerly to explain them to his fellows. How we longed to know if the Light reached them! Maybe we shall know some day in His mercy while at Vanga. If not, we shall know in a better day coming. These people had come two long days' journey to be with us. What sent them? Could you have heard them pour out their hearts as they laid down their fetishes, told what they had planned to do with them, the enmities in their hearts, the earnestness of desire, then your hearts with ours would have been thrilled and moved beyond expression.

"From Ngunu we continued to Molili poste for the final week before we must return to Vanga to prepare for school opening. Three hundred and odd were examined (some at an earlier date while near Mobini) and 216 were received and baptized. Those who read this may have a question in mind, and it may be well for me to explain that we believe our examinations at Vanga to be among the most exacting in our Congo Mission. Our purpose never has been to seek numbers."....

"School is again in session at Vanga. Already some of the boys have personally requested that there be opportunity to continue the morning prayer service, preceding chapel. We have held up before them, and we know some are believing, that the Lord is not thru in any sense with "New things" at Vanga.

Only let us seek to know and seek to find what He may have for us in the way of blessings for this another year. There is a volume of prayer still for certain villages as well as for many an individual."

Editor

"WE WILL EAT GOAT"

A few days ago I was talking with our mason, Antoine Pembele, and he made the remark: "When this is done, we will eat goat". This was not an invitation for me to hurry and wash my hands while the table was being set. We were discussing the last bit of concrete work on top of the walls of the new hospital building here at Kikongo. Following an ancient native custom, he was just reminding me that the workmen would expect a feast when the building is completed. Pembele is a Christian convert from the lower Congo who has been here with us a couple of years, and he has done a good job. Many of the old native customs have lost their hold on him but those that promise him something on top of what he would ordinarily get still have a great appeal.

The building of the hospital has brought forth the usual travail attending the construction of the first permanent building on a frontier station. The transition of labor from hoe and knife to trowel, saw, and plane is a trying time. With limited appropriations it is difficult to see materials wasted by inefficiency and still maintain one's poise. In fact, one at times descends to the low level of upraised voice and stinging epithet. This method produces two results: an

immediate confusion of tail chasing and later uproarious laughter when the act is repeated by the gang mimic around the bonfire at night. I suppose we should not begrudge them a good laugh or two at our expense.

In spite of irritations and delays, some progress has been made. After three attempts by Mr. Smith and myself we at last found some clay that will make good brick. The sawyers were evidently thinking of the little foot paths that wind from village to village as they were sawing, and the saw followed their line of thought rather than the chalk lines snapped on the surface of the log. This has the result of great consumption of plane irons and oil stones as planks are made ready for use.

Thinking to improve the quantity and quality of lumber, we asked for help from our older stations. Sona Bata supplied two men and with great hopes we sent them off to work. They cut a huge tree and divided it into three sections. They then dug a sawpit and came to ask for help in getting the log up. The pit was across a swamp from the log and had been dug about twenty-five feet up the side of a steep hill. It took fifty men, a block and tackle, and a stump puller to get the first section of the log up in place. After that we used a pit in a more accessible place. These helpers from the lower Congo were quite modest in their demands. They only asked for a furnished house, gardens with a food supply ready to eat, four helpers paid by the mission, tools, mission workmen to roll the log into place, Leopoldville prices for their boards, and workmen to carry the boards from the sawpit up to the carpenter shop. One of them immediately went back to the lower

Congo when all their demands were not granted. The other one would have gone as well, but his wife refused to go. Pembele's comment on this was: "They are not all willing to undergo hardships as I am."

Now the walls of the hospital are up. The foundations are solid concrete and, we hope, ant proof. The walls are brick, laid in clay and pointed with cement which we also fondly hope will keep out the white ants. We put a ten inch layer of concrete around the top of the walls, sunk reinforcing irons in the concrete and fastened the wall plates by means of these irons. Again we hope that this will prevent some of our wind storms from picking the roof off the hospital and depositing it out in the manioc garden. Pembele claims that it will stay put no matter what kind of storm we get.

The roof is partly on, and the carpenters are daily sweating over the uneven planks as they make up wall plates and rafters. Our head carpenter is another boy from Sona Bata. He does not pretend to be as wise and experienced as Pembele, but he still feels a long way ahead of our poor fellows around here. It was a pleasure to me to hear him as they were nailing the corrugated iron sheets on the section of the hospital that will be the surgery. As each sheet went into place Mata would drag his hammer across the corrugations and yell: "Bring me another sheet of iron quick, it is going to rain".

However, the story of the construction of the hospital is mostly the story of Pembele. He is a little shorty in stature, but he walks with such dignity that most of us and all the black people

think of him as quite large. He is the hardest worker I have ever known among the Congo natives. He also keeps his helpers at work most of the time. The usual little insults with which the Congo worker can keep his native boss in submission have no effect on Pembele. He has the privilege of levying small fines for laziness and poor work, and this quiets a lot of native insults. He is a fair mason, a good boss, and a hustler. Also his influence is for the good most of the time. He has held services with the lepers over in their camp quite often. He is the teacher of a class of student-teachers in Sunday School, and his class regularly leads the school in gifts due to generous giving by the teacher.

One day we were working down in the valley repairing the dam and pipe line that operate the hydraulic ram. A terrific storm came up and the workmen dashed for the village. However, I had the pipe line open and wanted to close it up again to prevent its washing full of mud during the rain. Pembele stayed on with me. We were workng in running water up to our knees while trying to bolt a cut-off valve into place. The lightning struck close by and both got a real shock. Pembele quoted from the psalm: "Ten thousand shall fall on thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee". We went on with our work till it was finished.

He asked about a raise in wages a few days ago, citing some of the big jobs he previously held with great distinction. I agreed with him that commercial companies can and do pay more in cash every month than we can pay. Also I called to his attention the place of respect and authority he has around here and suggested that this position along

with his home, gardens, medical care and schooling for his children are worth his consideration. He is now thinking this over and no doubt will soon be around again to start a conversation beginning with: "Our elders have a proverb", and ending with, "Whatever you say I will accept, but — ".

Yes, Pembele, when the hospital is finished we will eat a goat.

B.W. Armstrong

IS THERE A WAY OUT?

Those who face fairly and squarely the facts and realities in mission work today can hardly help asking this question. The ranks are being broken more and more and the breaches and gaps in the ranks are being widened. While awaiting re-enforcements, which do not come, a faithful few are struggling and striving on a wide front trying to hold the salient driven in the heathen darkness. Holding the line is not of much importance unless it prepares the way and makes possible an advance. The decline of interest in the home churches and the resulting diminution of funds, and the depletion of staffs, do not promise much in the way of an exit except perhaps to those who are unduly optimistic.

Is there a way out? Doubtless there is for those who through the years have pursued a policy of preparedness and with wisdom and foresight have been training native leaders and workers. To others who have been unduly concerned with the applause which comes from reporting converts and getting people into the churches and have given themselves

to the pleasanter and easier task of pushing out into the beyond, rather than confine and apply themselves to the exacting task of training and developing leaders, it is a question.

Much is being said and written in these days about devolution and the putting of responsibility upon native churches and native leaders. This is well and good, but there is the danger of putting work and responsibility upon those who are absolutely unprepared to take it. Blessed is the man who is able to estimate properly and utilize fully the experience, worth and capabilities of the natives and put the proper amount and the proper kind of responsibility upon them at the proper time. There is a strong tendency and temptation to "pass the buck" and heap work and responsibility upon unprepared natives simply to get rid of it. It may be pleasant and restful but it is not always profitable and commendable to "let George do it". This is not the same as saying that missionaries themselves should do all the work and insist upon making all the mistakes.

It is a well known and generally admitted fact that, on the whole, enough attention has not been given to the training and developing of native leaders. Consequently we are not prepared for the sudden and unexpected withdrawal of home support and face glorious opportunities with a deficient and defective leadership. The universal cry is for more and better native leaders and workers while the rank and file of the native church are groveling in the dark in the midst of delusions, snares and pitfalls and the masses remain unsaved.

It cannot be gainsaid that Congo natives have capabilities and qualities of leadership. They deserve to be judged and estimated by the standards which are applied to other races at the same stage of development. We are dealing with immature Christians of the second or third generation who are poorly prepared for the reception of the Gospel with its exacting and revolutionizing demands. After sixty years of work among an animistic and primitive people, who were declared by some to be hopeless, we now have evangelists and teachers of ability and power who are filling large places and carrying big responsibilities. Much church, school and medical work is directed, controlled and supported by the natives themselves. Natives have with credit to themselves looked after the work of stations while missionaries have been on furlough. The pity of it is that there are not more of these faithful and efficient workers. The greatest need of the Christian church, apart from the abiding presence of the spirit of God, is for native workers who are well trained and thoroughly Christian, capable of raising up to themselves an intelligent well-to-do strong body of men and women who will constitute the backbone of the church and share in the bearing of its burdens and in the providing of a Christian environment that will uplift and ennoble character. There are many natives in Congo with latent qualities of leadership which through Christian education should be mobilized and capitalized in the work of the Church and Kingdom.

Indigenous Christianity must be propagated by the natives themselves. If missionaries fail in the finding and developing of men and women who can be entrusted with the highest positions and carry on the

work of the church in its entirety they fail utterly and completely. The success of a missionary today is not to be determined by the number of years of service which he has had, or the hardships which he has endured, or the number whom he has added to the church roll, or by his popularity as a speaker or writer but by the number of competent native leaders whom he has discovered and trained and put to work for the Master. It is a sad fact, which is becoming more generally known, that great powers of self-propagation lie latent in native churches — powers of leadership and initiative which, if evoked, confirmed and utilized, would enable the church to enter the wide-open doors and possess the land which the Lord our God has given it.

J.E.Geil

IT RAINED!

Sunday morning dawned bright and glorious. The dew glistened on the flowers, birds sang happily, a warm breeze swept over the hills. As the sun climbed the sky, scores of people left their villages for church. They chattered merrily as they walked through the fields or along the automobile road.

Quite a crowd gathered in the church. Almost a hundred youngsters were assembled in a marangu shed for Junior Church service. And then — suddenly the sky darkened and a peal of thunder rolled and reverberated from the black clouds. A few Sundays before the sky had grown equally threatening, and the children, after having been told to hurry home without disturbing the church service, had been dis-

missed because the verandah on which they were meeting offered little or no protection from rain or storm. But the clouds had blown over without a drop of rain. This time the marangu shed was a fairly good shelter, even though there were no doors or windows and the walls were covered only half way up to the roof. So, remembering the noise of dismissal the previous time, and how very few of the children had gone home, we kept on with our service. But in a few minutes, the rain was pouring down, blowing through the shed from all directions. Hastily dismissing, we raced for the boys' dormitories only to find them all locked. There was nothing else to do but run up the hill with the crowd of frightened and crying tots to seek shelter on the school house verandah or crowd into the church. No one could escape a thorough wetting.

A few foolish folk raced out of church and bounded home, no doubt remembering some food or clothing left outdoors, unprotected. The sermon was finished. Noon passed. But the rain kept coming in torrents. the noise made by the pounding rain on the corrugated iron roof was deafening. The crowd grew restless. They were asked to sing another song, — one that they all knew for it was too dark to use hymnals. The rain kept falling. They sang another song, — and another, — and another. A few daring individuals crept out by the side of the building and some even risked the rain and dashed homewards. But others lingered at the doorway dreading the ruination of their clothes. One immaculately dressed young man called his nleke (younger brother); calmly removed his own hat, tie, shirt and white trousers, and, leaving the

nleke to keep them safe in the church until the rain ceased, he raced away through the rain in his B.V.Ds. Several wives and younger brothers ran home and returned with umbrellas for their elders or masters. But the rain kept on. As one o'clock passed, more and more folks slipped out of the service, removed shoes, hats, shirts or some other treasured apparel and went on homewards. By one-thirty the rain settled down to a steady drizzle and all were able to leave, some of them hoarse from so much singing.

We are often disappointed when the Sabbath dawns grey and cloudy for so many villagers then make no attempt to start for church. But should we blame them? Think of a rainy Sunday back home. How many come to church? And they can come on street cars, in autos, wearing rubbers and raincoats and sit calm in the knowledge that a dry, warm home awaits them with plenty of changes of wearing apparel. Contrast with that the plight of your African brethren. They must come afoot, — and most of them barefoot — for miles over grass or sand or gravel or mud. A few have umbrellas. The great majority have only one outfit. And rare is the exception, — the one who has dry firewood or a warm hut to which to return. If we had to return home in our only clothing, soaked to the skin and muddy, to sit in a wet mud hut with, perhaps, a leaking roof, to await the return of the sunshine, — perhaps we, too, would hesitate to go to church on a cloudy Sunday.

One day while awaiting the train at the station we saw a West Coast woman with an attractive, gay piece of pottery bearing an inscription in a strange

language. She spoke a little English so, when we admired the pot, she explained: "That picture is rain; this the sun. Those words say in my language 'After the rain comes sunshine; after sorrow — happiness.' " So we are thankful that, even though our rainy season lasts about seven months, few are the Sunday services spoiled by rain; and so much happier are the bright sunny ones by contrast. And spiritually speaking also — the sunshine is more appreciated after the rain; and how happy are we in our Father's love to know that "After sorrow — happiness". And because we know that He who knoweth best careth for us we cannot be unhappy even though our plans may be spoiled by rain.

Ruth Erickson

PUSH

I wish I could give you a picture of our new Mission Compound at Moanza. So much has been done.

A year ago the place a wilderness, and on a little clearing you could see the carpenter shop, a little office, a brick kiln and a small house for the brave mukongo and wife who were the first to live on the new site. Today we are a minature town, Miss Dickey in the kitchen unit of the W.A.B.F.M.S. residence and the Atkins family in the finished A.B.F.M.S. residence. At present the hospital and wards are under construction, and the builder has taken out enough time to go to Kikongo to give a lift with their problems over there. Between itinerations Mr. Bubeck resides at the old site.

If you would like to know how to get things done

just come to Moanza. No one seems to have the slightest idea what you have in mind; so you begin to push, push, and then push some more. After a while others will help you push and it sort of becomes the vogue. To be carried up from the valley are rocks, sand, thatch, water, boards, etc. The site is covered with brushwood and tall grass. The stumps must be pulled, and the grass cut and roots hoed out. Roads are made, trees and gardens are planted and every day a great deal of cleaning is done around the dormitories and wards. Pyramids of shavings are carried out of the shop where boards and planks are put through the great machine. Doors and windows are made and you can hear the swishing of the concrete as it pours out of the mixer.

And now you must step inside the school, which is made up of four buildings opening on to a court. The boys and girls are divided into classes and the teachers will push a little if you push a lot. When you stop a little they come to a full stop, and then you must push again harder than ever. Now come into the dispensary. A thatch building with three wards and a house for the head nurse. A crowd of people waiting to be helped. All being done in a very satisfactory way?? No, oh no. "You must wash that ulcer before putting the dressing on." "Yinga." "And that woman is too sick to be standing in line. What is her temperature?" "105." "Put her to bed." "Yinga." "Do not put those dirty things on the table with the sterile things." "Yinga." "Have I not told you over and over again?" "Yinga." Yes, I have been pushing, but I must push and push again.

(Continued on page 33)

No wonder she was crying. You would cry, too, wouldn't you? And the missionary lady cried a little inside, too, because Nzobo was so sad. Don't you hope that some day she gets another kitten? I do.

V.L. Smith

KIMPESE NOTES

During recent months things have been going on normally here. We began the school year early in September with two new S.M.F. families in residence, the Oscar and Avid Stenstroms. So well have they geared in that it hardly seems possible they have been members of our staff for so brief a period only. Early in December the Oscar Stenstroms two children, Gösta aged 8 and Ingrid aged 6, arrived from Sweden full of vigor and vim, quite an addition to our younger group. The three younger Engwall girls are all here this year.

In October Dr. Palmaer, Home Secretary of the S.M.F., was with us for several days. A party of eleven trustees and wives were invited to meet Dr. Palmaer and consult together about matters of importance which arose in connection with the Swedish cooperation in E.P.I. It would seem to have been a profitable meeting, prophetic of broader and better understanding and of an enduring happy relationship.

Immediately after this meeting we bade farewell to our highly esteemed colleagues the Morrishes, who felt constrained to respond to the call of the B.M.S. for their services at Wathen and have now settled in there. We miss them. Mr. Morrish has done a fine piece of work in bringing the Normal department up to its present state of efficiency and we are sorry

that he could not have put in at least the next two years of his present term of service in further developing it. Mrs. Morrish's gracious and artistic class room work in both the men's and women's schools we were loath to do without and the sun went under a cloud when Janet no longer came toddling down the road of an evening. We trust that the Morrishes may find wide opportunities in the Wathen field for their unusual gifts and enthusiasms.

Influenza paid us another visit recently but was not so virulent as last spring. We have rather less bilharzia than during the two pervious years but it is still serious. However, frequent diagnostic examinations keep all infected individuals under treatment and it is not interfering with classroom and other student activities to speak of. New babies are arriving at about the usual rate of frequency and we are making good use of the maternity wards. Seventy-three babies, all E.P.I. babies, enrolled in the Baby Clinic, all under three years of age. A fine lot of babies they are too!

We have had a long week-end of Christmas festivities and feastings. As guests we had the Watkins and Garners. The Engwalls started the ball rolling on Friday night by inviting us all to a Chritsmas party since they were leaving on Saturday to spend Christtmas at Sona Bata. After a duck dinner with all the fixings, even to plum pudding, Santa Claus appeared in regulation winter regalia, despite the hot night, and the children appreciated him greatly. He was very generous with his gifts and witticisms and a jolly evening was enjoyed by all.

Saturday morning came the Christmas pageant

No wonder she was crying. You would cry, too, wouldn't you? And the missionary lady cried a little inside, too, because Nzobo was so sad. Don't you hope that some day she gets another kitten? I do.

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During recent months things have been going on normally here. We began the school year early in September with two new S.M.F. families in residence, the Oscar and Avid Stenstroms. So well have they geared in that it hardly seems possible they have been members of our staff for so brief a period only. Early in December the Oscar Stenstroms two children, Gösta aged 8 and Ingrid aged 6, arrived from Sweden full of vigor and vim, quite an addition to our younger group. The three younger Engwall girls are all here this year.

In October Dr. Palmaer, Home Secretary of the S.M.F., was with us for several days. A party of eleven trustees and wives were invited to meet Dr. Palmaer and consult together about matters of importance which arose in connection with the Swedish cooperation in E.P.I. It would seem to have been a profitable meeting, prophetic of broader and better understanding and of an enduring happy relationship.

Immediately after this meeting we bade farewell to our highly esteemed colleagues the Morrishes, who felt constrained to respond to the call of the B.M.S. for their services at Wathen and have now settled in there. We miss them. Mr. Morrish has done a fine piece of work in bringing the Normal department up to its present state of efficiency and we are sorry

that he could not have put in at least the next two years of his present term of service in further developing it. Mrs. Morrish's gracious and artistic class room work in both the men's and women's schools we were loath to do without and the sun went under a cloud when Janet no longer came toddling down the road of an evening. We trust that the Morrishes may find wide opportunities in the Wathen field for their unusual gifts and enthusiasms.

Influenza paid us another visit recently but was not so virulent as last spring. We have rather less bilharzia than during the two pervious years but it is still serious. However, frequent diagnostic examinations keep all infected individuals under treatment and it is not interfering with classroom and other student activities to speak of. New babies are arriving at about the usual rate of frequency and we are making good use of the maternity wards. Seventy-three babies, all E.P.I. babies, enrolled in the Baby Clinic, all under three years of age. A fine lot of babies they are too!

We have had a long week-end of Christmas festivities and feastings. As guests we had the Watkins and Garners. The Engwalls started the ball rolling on Friday night by inviting us all to a Chritsmas party since they were leaving on Saturday to spend Christtmas at Sona Bata. After a duck dinner with all the fixings, even to plum pudding, Santa Claus appeared in regulation winter regalia, despite the hot night, and the children appreciated him greatly. He was very generous with his gifts and witticisms and a jolly evening was enjoyed by all.

Saturday morning came the Christmas pageant

out of doors with the church entry for a stage. The Garners, out from New York to make moving pictures for missionary propaganda purposes, were thrilled with the pageant and wished to film it. This we did on Monday, and the Garners seem to believe it will be good. Saturday night those of us at this end of the station all went up to the Stenstroms and sang Christmas carols. We were invited indoors and found them in the midst of a Swedish Christmas celebration with plenty more good things to eat showered upon us. At eleven o'clock the Stentenstroms were thrilled with a clear broadcast from their Home For Missionaries' Children in Sweden, whence their children had so recently come. The children sang and then one of the boys spoke a few clear words of greeting to parents in various mission lands. Wasn't that a nice idea?

At four A.M. a candle light Christmas praise service was held in a crowded church. People came from all around, not our own E.P.I. family only. Many candles twinkled like stars in the dark. The singing rang out clear and lustily. It was a Swedish innovation which the natives very evidently appreciated. The usual Sunday morning church service was held and then too the church could not hold all who came. Sunday evening Timotio gave a lantern lecture using the forty slides illustrating the story of The Other Wise Man, which is very popular out here. The radio gave us Christmas carols from London to go to sleep on and so ended another Christmas season. How fast they follow one another!

School is on again in full swing. Mid-year exams are only three weeks distant, after which come a

few extra busy days of grading papers and holding staff meetings to compare examination results and to decide what to do about so and so who has woefully fallen down in the exams, how to encourage backward ones to get into a quicker stride and also to forecast who are not likely to make the grade and receive diplomas at close of school year. Each student is seriously and prayerfully considered and we all try to make no hasty or unfair judgments. I hope the school may never grow in numbers until such individual attention and concern for the students may not be possible.

Catharine L. Mabie

KIKONGO NEWS NOTES

The station staff has been much encouraged by the return from furlough both of the Smiths and Miss Jorgensen (since the last news notes from Kikongo appeared in the News Letter). Miss Jorgensen was even kind enough to bring a doctor along with her. Unfortunately for us, the doctor was only here for a visit. Dr. Osterholm was gladly welcomed and given plenty to do. We shall be happy to have him come back again; and he has promised to do so. Miss Jorgensen has taken over the medical work, and Mrs. Smith is taking some of the school work.

We are looking forward to a visit from Mr. Atkins next week to help us with some of the building problems. Mr. Smith has repaired the dam, so our hydraulic ram is again doing its job, and we have water available up here on the station. It only took several tons of rock, two tons of cement, an

unmeasured quantity of sand, three weeks' work for ten men, loads of clay, sweat, irritation, dismay, bum advice from the native kapita, burned up bedsteads (struck by lightning!) for reinforcing iron, and a broken saw to do the job. We are all glad to have it done with.

The new hospital has part of the roof on. The permanent building work goes painfully slow.

B.W. Armstrong

NEWS FROM SONA BATA

The New Year finds us at Sona Bata with praise and thanksgiving in our hearts for all that our Heavenly Father has accomplished through his servants, also with a determination and prayer to do more for the advancement of His kingdom in Congo.

Mr. Erickson. in the absence of Mr. MacDiarmid, has been carrying on the secretarial work of the Mission. He and Mrs. Erickson have charge of the station boarding school.

A great innovation in the church services has been the organization of a Junior Church which is in the efficient hands of Mrs. Erickson. The children are manifesting a great deal of interest. Furthermore, much of the confusion during the main service is thus done away with.

It was a real privilege for us to witness the Christmas pageant presented by the Junior Church. The small children as shepherds, kings, wisemen, etc. carried out their parts with grace and dignity.

Dr. Freas continues his monthly visits to Banza Manteke where Miss Tice is alone with the medical work.

We are deeply indebted to Mr. Lanoue for water and lights at Sona Bata. In spite of visits to various church centers, his preparatory school, church palavers, etc., he has been able to work on the water and light plant. Now we have electricity for operations and night study periods at all times.

Miss Eva Shepard, who was with us for five months battling with the intricacies of the Kikongo dialect, is now happily settled at Vanga. While here she helped with the Women's School and the Primary Sunday School.

As Sona Bata is located on the railroad we often have friends visiting us. Some come for medical help, others to enjoy the fellowship. We were privileged to have the Engwalls from Kimpese here for Christmas.

Dr. Tuttle has recently opened a sub-dispensary. He plans for still another soon. The medical folk are busy gathering statistics. 516 operations have been performed, about one thousand in-patients cared for, some five thousand out-patients treated, plus about fifty lepers. This does not include our sub-dispensary statistics. Fifteen of the lepers expressed the desire of becoming followers of Christ. We pray that all of those whose lives have been touched will be better not only physically but spiritually.

We had an interesting program at the leper colony on Christmas day when with joy in their hearts each adult received a dish, spoon, beans and rice; the little ones dolls or balls. We are hoping to enlarge the leper work by having a school and dormitory built for untainted children. There is so much to be done but we are thankful that our work is going forward. May the new year see new ventures in faith.

We are eagerly anticipating the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Garner of New York who are filming Congo life. A recent number of the Watchman Examiner mentioned their project. No one is better able than Mr. Garner to tell of sunny and unsunny days. As a sun dial counts only sunny hours so he counts only sunny days.

May our days and hours be filled with the sunshine of His love and may they count for Him.

Esther Ehnbom

INCIDENTS FROM THE LIFE OF RONDA

The date of his birth is unknown to him but we judge it to have been about 1898. He was baptized in 1908 by Rev. Frederickson of Sona Bata. Immediately thereafter he went to Sona Bata and spent three years in the Boarding School.

Upon leaving school he was chosen to go out as a teacher and evangelist among his own people. As a mere lad he took upon himself the task of being the spiritual leader of a people living in darkness and superstition. For at least five years he served faithfully in the villages of Ngungu, Kiluanda and Mpesi-Butadi.

He had served faithfully among his own people and it was only natural that Rev. MacDiarmid should choose him as companion on an itinerary into the far-away Bayaka country. If he had once thought that the people of his own tribe were living in darkness, he was soon made to realize that the darkness of this new region, as yet unevangelized by any missionary, was even greater. The people were fiery, war-like, and easily angered. They had implicit faith in the

power of the witch-doctor and the charms, fetishes, and idols which they bought from him. The witch-doctor had complete control over their lives. The people lived in wretched poverty — half starved. Their morals were of the lowest — mere children of seven and eight living together as man and wife; ten year olds as wives of old men. Small wonder that the race was degenerate, and the children born of such early unions were weak, undevelopped creatures that did not long resist the ravages of disease. Ronda, himself from a tribe that had not long been evangelized, was impressed by what he saw.

It is hard for us to realize what an act of sacrifice and courage it was for him to stay in the village of Makengo when Rev. MacDiarmid returned to Sona Bata. His life was in danger and the fact of starvation was not to be taken lightly. Uncivilized peoples have a way of making it impossible for an unwanted stranger to buy food.

But Ronda stayed on. He was later joined by Antoine Makengo and the two worked together at an Herculean task. Their experiences were many and varied and they love to tell some of their stories of spectacular answers to prayer. Here is one of them.

The two men had been persistent in their teaching of the Gospel. They told the people of a living God, a gentle and loving Saviour. They pleaded with the Bayaka to put away their charms, fetishes and idols and worship the true and only God. But the Bayaka are a tribe of hunters — to them game is the all important factor in their lives. The witch-doctor furnishes them with fetishes that ensure a big bag of game — at least that is his promise. The people were afraid

that they would no longer have success in hunting if they renounced their fetishes.

Ronda and Makengo continued to preach and to plead, and at last one day, with common accord, the people of the village brought forth all their idols, charms and fetishes. There were many bushels of them gathered together in the center of the village. In the midst of much rejoicing a huge bon-fire was made of these objects connected with a pagan religion. Great was the joy of the people to find that without their fetishes they were still able to bring back game from the hunt.

Then one day, old chief Makengo, no doubt under the witch-doctor's influence, decided that he wanted to have his idols and fetishes back again. Some of the villagers joined him. Once more the witch-doctor held sway and bled the people for the price of new idols and fetishes.

The hunting season drew nigh and the people of the village prepared to go out and burn the jungle grass, as is their custom when they want to scare out the game. There was much ado as the people prepared for the hunt — and great anger after it was over, for not a single animal had been killed.

Ronda and Makengo seized the opportunity to point out that they had turned from God and He had turned his face from them. Once more the village was cleared of idols and fetishes, and the following morning the professing Christians met together for prayer. Then they went forth to the hunt. In one day they killed 160 antelope, 60 large monkeys and a buffalo. They were so delirious with joy that they attacked the buffalo with knives, not even waiting

to load their blunder-buss guns or aim their arrows. The village that night was the scene of great joy and much thanksgiving.

Ronda was called back by his own church to work among the backslidden of his region. But later he again turned his steps to the Bayaka people. We found him working in the village of Kimbela Mbandu when we went thru in 1934, and we were so impressed with the work that he was doing that we asked the Sona Bata missionaries to let us have him for our Bapelenda work.

Once more he set out as a pioneer missionary. We had sent teachers to the village of the powerful Pelende chief Kobo, but they were not able to stand up to the persecution and hardships. Even though Chief Kobo had himself asked us for teachers and evangelists, the hearts of the people were sunk in the depths of superstition and darkness. In the face of the failure of others, Ronda shouldered the task at Kobo.

And that is where he is today. It is not yet three years since he went, but he has already organized a little church and "each day those that are saved are added to their number". He is quiet and persevering, and we believe that God is using him in a real way for the advancement of His Kingdom in this needy land.

Viola L. Smith

Where'er I look from hour to hour,
In sky, on sea, or land,
I see the proof of God's mighty power,
The touch of His Infinite Hand.

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES
—1896—

OUR FIRST REVIVAL: I was overjoyed upon coming back to our field to witness an awakening among our many villages and to see people coming to hear the Gospel as never before. Fred wrote: "It is my aim to spread the Gospel over as large a field as possible, for I believe that when the people do begin in earnest to accept the Gospel, the greater the revival and ingathering will be. At times I have had special prayer seasons. It was during one of these that God put it into my heart to hold forth in connection with Christ's death and resurrection, also about the the "New Life" which all those who believe in Him as their Saviour receive. From that period every sermon had something about the New Life, taken from the New Testament. Soon a change began to take place. Our Sunday congregations increased. The house of worship became too small. They made it larger and it was still too small. A young man, Makela, came and asked for work. He said that he wanted to hear more about that New Life. He was converted and became a preacher. After some time, a revival started through our district. After much opposition, the people began to come to the meetings from the surrounding villages. The converted men and women began to witness about Christ to their own people."

"I visited one of the stations on the upper river. On a Sunday I went with the missionary in charge to a village to preach. About thirty people gathered. They sat down on the ground in a circle with their

head woman or queen, as they called her, sitting on a chief's stool in their midst. I spoke to the people and the missionary interpreted into their dialect. I told them of my own salvation and the New Life which I had received. When I had spoken for some time the head woman rose up and said: 'White man, how much does that New Life cost? I should like to buy it.' I then explained the free gift of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ who died for our sins that we might have eternal life. I heard that this queen was converted later."

—1897—

TOWNS MOVE AWAY FROM RAILWAY: Mr. and Mrs. Nelson are still in the States. Fred and I went to visit several towns. At Madimba, where there are several thousand people, Chief Makabu is moving his town to Kinzala. The chief has fifteen wives. It seems he is afraid of trouble concerning his wives, knowing the railway will soon be at Madimba. He may also want to move away from the movement of the Jesus-religion that has come so near. We went to Kinzala, where Chief Ntokolenta received us gladly and promised a house for worship. In these places the women and children ran away. We visited Ndembo and Sona Bata state house. (Here was later to be located our real permanent station.) We passed Kimbungu, a large town vacated for fear of the railway. At Kinzele the people were building a temporary bridge of sticks over a swamp, but as it was not finished two of the tallest porters tied me up close to the hammock-pole, like a corpse, and carried me

BERKELEY BAPTIST DIVINITY SCHOOL
SANDFORD FLEMING LIBRARY

over. Only the underpart of the hammock was wet. We stopped a while at Boko where the people were very friendly and there were eight white men there for the railway.

We returned to Kifwa and had a letter announcing the visit of His Honor the Governor-General on February 15th. The station looked beautiful and the school children stood dressed in their Sunday clothes, giving salute to His Honor and the Commissary, Mr. Costerman. The Governor-General was enthusiastic over our bed of pink balsom flowers as large as small roses. They visited in our home for some time and when the Governor found that we spoke French he preferred that to English. Afterwards they both went to Kisantu.

* * * *

THE OLD AFRICA: At Mvuila Fred and I stopped over night. We went to see Chief Naledi's "Gate". It was a rare sight: Several large panels of wood carved out and painted, over each door and wall an idol. On one panel was a white man writing in a book, on a second two men in the act of firing a gun, and on a third a woman bringing a baby into the world. Another had two men, each with an umbrella over him, etc. It was art surely, but crude; Old Africa going out. All these figures and pictures were later taken away by the state officers. I hope the Africans can be taught this art in a beautiful and useful way. When we arrived, we heard the dance drum. A group of men and women had come to dance for six white men. After supper and a meeting we were very tired, but no one could sleep.

* * * *

A CLEVER CLERK: A colored clerk at Kimbubu came to call. He was dressed in a long "bonjour", a turkey fez with black tassel, cotton trousers — wide, blue and long, and white tennis shoes. He spoke perfect French and wrote it as well; he also knew some English and a little Kikongo. He had been born in Uganda. He had been with Sir Stanley, Emin Pascha, Gordon and MacKay. He had been with the state to Berlin, London, Paris and Belgium and was going there again. His salary was three thousand five hundred francs a year and he received fifty centimes for each carrier he could employ. One cannot but admire an African who has learned to make himself so useful and invaluable to his masters.

M. M. Frederickson

PUSH

(Continued from page 17)

On the north side of our compound you will find a group of dormitories for the school boys and a house for the head teacher and family, on the south side the same for the school girls and the matron and her family, in the center and well to the east the hospital buildings and one house for the head nurse, and on in line there are many small houses for married school boys and their wives.

At present we worship in the school building, but later we will have a church in the center of the compound as we want to have Christ the center of our work and lives. Moanza is growing, and who knows what she will be, if we all continue to PUSH.

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Gwladys R. Atkins

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

LEOPOLDVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. H.J.Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall

KIMPESE

Rev. and Mrs.M.S.Engwall
Dr. C.L. Mabie

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs.L.A. Brown
Dr. and Mrs.A.C. Osterholm
Miss Eva Shepard

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E.Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Mildred Tice

NTONDO

Rev.and Mrs.P.C.Metzger
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Rev. H.D. Brown

KIKONGO

Rev.and Mrs. B.W.Armstrong
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith
Miss Alice Jorgenson

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas
Rev. and Mrs. U.A.Lanoue
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle

MOANZA

Rev. T.E. Bubeck
Miss Ruth Dickey
Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins

SPECIAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Carpenter

ON FURLOUGH

Mrs. H.D. Brown
Rev.and Mrs. P.A.MacDiarmid
Mrs. T.E. Bubeck
Rev. and Mrs. W.F.Robbins
Miss Agnes Anderson
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson